

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXVII.....No. 14

AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner 9th av. and 2nd st.—
No THOROUGHFARE.WOOD'S MUSICAL, Broadway, corner 25th st.—Perform-
ances afternoon and evening.—LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street.—
THE NEW DRAMA OF DIVORCE.WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 13th street.—
JOHN GASTEL.NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and
Houston streets.—BLACK CROOK.BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery—BRIGANDS OF CALABRIA—
WAITS OF NEW YORK.ST. JAMES' THEATRE, Twenty-eighth street and Broad-
way.—MONADLI.OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway.—THE BALLET FANTOME
OF HUMPTY DUMPTY.ALMEE'S OPERA BOUFFE, 720 Broadway.—OPERA
OF LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third st., corner Sixth av.—
JULIUS CAESAR.STADT THEATRE, Nos. 45 and 47 Bowery.—THE OPERA
OF LAFRANCESCO.MRS. F. R. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—
COMEDIES AND FARCES.THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.—COMEDY VOCAL-
ISM, NEGRO ACTS, &c.—WHITE CROOK.UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Fourteenth st. and Broad-
way.—NEGRO ACTS—BURLESQUE, BALLET, &c.TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—
NEGRO ECCECITICITIES, BURLESQUES, &c.BRYANT'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, 234 st., between 6th
and 7th avs.—BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL, 885 Broadway.—
THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.NEW YORK CIRCUS, Fourteenth street.—SCENES IN
THE KING, ACROBATS, &c.NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway.—
BURLESQUE AND ART.LEAVITT'S ART ROOMS, No. 817 Broadway.—EXHIBITION
OF PAINTING.DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 745 Broadway.—
SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, January 14, 1872.

CONTENTS OF TO-DAY'S HERALD.

- PAGE.
- Advertisements.....1
- 1.—Advertisements.....1
- 2.—Poor Folk's Naughty Joke! The Long-Sought
Love Letters at Last! Playful, Pungent,
Poetical, Pleasant and Penitent; Gushing, Glor-
ious, Gloating and Grievous! The Us and
Downs and Ins and Outs of Prince Eric's
Fatal Infatuation; How Treacherous "Dolly"
Enticed—"Sardines!" "The Power Behind
the Throne!" Boss Tweed, Sir Morton
Polo's Partner and Lane Dining at
"come!" "Stories, the Weaker Elements
Steps In! Throwing "Oil" on the Troubled
Waters; Bleeding the Heart for a Woman and
the Pocket for a Calico; the Quarrel, the Re-
conciliation and the Final Break; a Tangled
Web of Legal Weaving; the Modern Paris and
the Judicial Angle of Discord; a Strange,
Eventful History!"
- 3.—Religious Intelligence: Services To-Day:
Herald Religious Correspondence; Forty-
fourth Street Synagogue—Political Move-
ments and Views—Music and the Drama—
The Smallpox—Is Black Benson a Drivelist?
Murdered by Queens County—Driven to
Death.
- 4.—Mrs. Wharton's Commencing Another Act in
the Baltimore Focusing Drama: Great Num-
ber of Witnesses Speaking in Behalf of the
Accused; the Defence Closed; the "Emper-
or," Professor Smith, Adding to the State's
Testimony—Is the Head of the "Way" a Grand
Battue on the Plains—The Crisis in New Or-
leans—Mr. Bergh and the Pigeon Shooters—
Rights Respecting in Jersey—Fatal Accident—
Forbearance of an Injured Wife—Ex-Comptrol-
ler Connolly—New York City News—
Brooklyn Affairs—Lecture on International
Literary Criticism—The Murder of the Woman
College of the City of New York—Bergh's Superintend-
ent—Sudden Death of a Journalist—The Can-
non Firing Case—Arthur Pat Donnelly—The
Philadelphia Navy Yard.
- 5.—The City Fathers: Meeting of the Board of Al-
dermen Yesterday—The Custom House Com-
mittee: Something More About the Settlers
by Treasury Agents—Base Ingratitude—
Suicide by Taking Poison—Financial and
Commercial—Marriages and Deaths—Adver-
tisements.
- 6.—Poor Folk (Continued from Third Page)—News
from Washington: Affairs of the Officers
of the Florida Sea to the State Department;
General Butler on the Fish-Cataclysm Quarrel—
Advertisements Answered: Abuse of the
Herald Advertiser Column—The Arrest of the
Lester Writer: A Stop Put to All Such Tricks
for the Future—A Disreputable Scound-
rel: The Kerosene Throwing Caught—Ship-
ping Intelligence—Advertisements.
- 11.—Advertisements.
- 12.—Advertisements.

THE WEEK IN WALL STREET was marked
by a sudden change in the money market from
stringency to extreme ease. On Monday the
rate was equivalent to about forty-five per
cent per annum. Yesterday it dropped to as
low as four per cent. During the week stocks
advanced two to three per cent, verifying the
prophecies of "a January rise."

THE STOCKWELL MURDER IN ENGLAND.—
The conviction of the Rev. John Selby
Watson, of Stockwell, England, for the
murder of his wife, Anne Watson, subjects
a clergyman of the Church to the penalty of
death by hanging for the crime of deliberately
taking away a human life. The deed was
committed in the early days of the month of
October, 1871. The main features of the
terrible affair are recapitulated in the HERALD
to-day. The murderer placed the dead body
of his wife in a box made to order, under his
direction, "air-tight and water-tight," in-
tending to send it off by rail. The English
police were too active for him. From papers
which were found in Watson's house it would
appear as if he had a brother who resided at
one time in Grand street, Williamsburg,
United States.

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES.—Con-
siderable excitement has been occasioned in
diplomatic circles at Washington and else-
where in reference to the intelligence from
Russia, as conveyed through the HERALD's
special despatch from St. Petersburg, giving
the note of the Imperial Chancellor, Prince
Gortchakoff, to Mr. Curtin, the United
States Minister, relative to M. Catacazy.
We publish to-day the evidences of the
great interest evinced by the authorities
upon the subject in the national capital. It
seems that the Russian Chancellor does not
accept the situation in the sense in which it
was anticipated he would; in other words,
the diplomatic quarrel has an application to
himself, inasmuch as the Minister to Wash-
ington was undoubtedly performing services for
which he had received instructions from his
government, and any slur or misrepresentation
would naturally be resented from the latter
quarter.

Earnings of Labor at Home and Abroad—
Facts and Suggestions for the Working
Classes.

Recently the lower House of Congress
passed, after two days' debate, a bill which
inferentially commits the federal government
to interference in the delicate relations be-
tween labor and capital in the United States.
The measure merely provides for the appoint-
ment of a commission to investigate those
relations in their various forms; and if the
effect of it were to stop there its influence
would probably be beneficial rather than hurt-
ful. But it is to be feared that the impulse being
once given, the laboring classes will see in it
another concession to their already extrava-
gant demands, and that political demagogues
will be only too ready to avail themselves of
this new element and to keep alive an agita-
tion which can only prove detrimental to all
the interests of the country. This is a view
of the subject which ought to have had full
consideration before the measure was
launched on Congress and which may still
have its influence on the Senate when the bill
comes up in that body.

The measure, however, has not even the
merit of originality—the English government
having already gathered in and published the
fruits of a similar investigation—not con-
fined, however, to its own dominions, but ex-
tending to all civilized countries. In 1869
Lord Clarendon, then Minister of Foreign
Affairs, directed all the British consuls abroad
to furnish reports as to the condition of the
working classes in the various countries where
they exercised their functions; and the re-
ports thus received have been recently pub-
lished by the government under the title of
"Reports from Her Majesty's Diplomatic and
Consular Agents Respecting the Condition of
the Industrial Classes and the Purchase Power
of Money in Foreign Countries." A
copy of this most important public docu-
ment will probably have been received by
the State Department at Washington,
or, perhaps, it may be found in the Congres-
sional Library, in either of which places it
will be accessible to our legislators and to the
commissioners who may be appointed under
the act now pending in the Senate. The in-
formation contained in it will be found ex-
ceedingly valuable in the discussion of the
subject, and, if it could reach the working
classes of this country, it would teach them
that, when compared with the like classes in
other countries, their condition in life is a very
enviable one, and that instead of evincing dis-
content with their lot, surrendering their free-
dom of action to trade unions and indulging
in periodical strikes, a regard for their own
best interests suggests their cultivating the
most friendly relations with their employers
and stimulating, rather than discouraging, the
use of capital in industrial enterprises. We
have not yet received a copy of the "British
Parliamentary Report," but we find an inter-
esting abstract of it in a late number of the
Revue des Deux Mondes.

The information thus obtained by the
British government shows the condition of the
laboring classes in regard to wages, cost of
living and sanitary and social condition in
thirty-one countries of the globe. The ab-
stract before us is limited to five or six
countries, presenting so many different
degrees of civilization and prosperity, from
those of Asiatic Turkey to those of the United
States. These two countries present
the extreme types—the one the max-
imum of wretchedness for the working
classes; the other the maximum
of comfort. Between these two extremes,
and in the order of improvement as we
go from east to west, come in Russia, Ger-
many, Belgium and Holland. The compari-
sons are naturally made with England, so that
the report gives us incidentally the condition
of the industrial classes in that country also.

The first province of Asiatic Turkey in
regard to which we have detailed information
is that of Kurdistan, or Armenia, of which
Erzeroum and Van are the principal cities.
This extensive province contains 2,300,000
inhabitants, of whom about three hundred
and fifty thousand reside in the cities and
large towns, about one million two hundred
thousand are employed in agriculture and
700,000 lead a pastoral life. The English
Consul at Erzeroum gives a most lamentable
account of the condition of these people, and
attributes the poverty of this once flourishing
region to the withdrawal of capital from
industrial pursuits in consequence of political
and social insecurity. The farms are almost
all in the hands of small proprietors, and are
generally limited to eight acres in extent.
The only employment for capital is in lending
on usury; and that, of course, only aggra-
vates the evil. The average earnings of a
field hand are forty dollars, and of weavers—
the principal branch of industry—from sixty
dollars to one hundred and twenty dollars a
year. The wages of artisans, however, are
relatively much higher—those of masons,
carpenters and smiths going up to seventy-five
cents a day. And yet, with such miserable
remuneration, workmen in those countries
can attain a competency if they only defer
marriage until they can have laid aside their
savings for a few years; but the Asiatic
Turk is proverbially improvident, and thinks
nothing of spending in a nuptial celebration
more than he can save in years.

The condition of the laboring classes in
European Turkey is less intolerable, but is
still very bad. In the ancient and once flour-
ishing province of Epirus tradesmen earn
from twenty-five to sixty-five cents a day.
A characteristic feature of the country is, how-
ever, that the men emigrate towards Constan-
tinople or into the Danubian provinces in search
of work, so that the women form two-thirds
of the population. In Albania, where the prin-
ciples of the Vendetta flourish, the laborer
works with his gun on his back and pistols
in his belt. All those Eastern countries suffer
from the same causes—the exactions of the
government in the way of taxes, for which it
returns no equivalent in the shape of internal
improvements, and the non-investment of
capital in industrial enterprises.

The next country in the industrial scale of
prosperity is Russia. The great trouble there,
however, is the vast number of holidays on
which no work can be done. They number,
including Sabbaths, 163 in the year, leaving
only 202 for labor. And out of these must be
deducted Mondays, which, for most workmen,
are also holidays, as it is considered unlucky

to commence work on that day. The lowest
class of workmen earn from thirty to sixty
cents per day, and on this they can support
their families, because black bread and
butchers' meat are cheap. All other com-
modities, however, are dear in Russia. House
rent is twice as dear as in England. One of
the Consuls says that an English artisan would
require to earn twice as much in Russia as he
would in England in order to live as well.

The next country on the scale of increasing
prosperity of the working classes is Germany.
There the population is abundant and capital
has been accumulating for many centuries.
But even in Germany the condition of the
laboring classes is not enviable, arising from
two causes—namely, the sterility of the soil of
Northern Germany, and the excess of popula-
tion. Were it not for the safety valve of emi-
gration German society would be a prey to
the gravest disorders. Its industrial organi-
zation continued to be, up to 1860, what it was
in the Middle Ages. The tradesmen's bunds,
or guilds, possessed exclusive privileges, so
that a tailor or shoemaker belonging to one
petty principality could not set up his business
in another. The breaking down of these bar-
riers and the establishment of the freedom of
industry have been of immense advantage in
some provinces, particularly Silesia; wages
have doubled in the last thirty years, while
the cost of living has not increased in anything
like the same proportion. In Saxony the farm
laborer earns from twenty-five to thirty cents
a day; the day laborer in towns from thirty to
forty cents, and mechanics from fifty to sixty
cents. Women earn from thirty to forty
cents. These rates are much higher than
those of ten or fifteen years ago; but when
they have to supply the wants of large fami-
lies, as in most instances, they appear to be
very insufficient. The Consuls in Ger-
many and Russia agree in saying that
it is a mistaken notion to suppose that
the cost of living in those countries is less
than it is in France or England. The only
thing is that the habits of the people in
Germany are much more simple and frugal
than in England, where many things are re-
garded as necessities which in Germany pass
for superfluities. Rent is particularly high.
It is estimated that in Berlin at least sixteen
per cent, and often twenty and thirty per
cent, of the resources of a moderate family goes
for house rent. So, generally, the family of a
mechanic is crowded into one chamber, and
mechanics without families are generally con-
tained with a bed in a dormitory where there
are five or six others. A budget of the esti-
mated expenses of three types of family has
been prepared by the Chief of the Bureau of
Statistics, at Berlin, which furnishes a good
indication of the cost of living there. The first,
belonging to the lower class, is supposed
to have an income of from two hundred and
twenty to three hundred dollars. Of that
twelve per cent goes for rent, sixty-two per
cent for living, fifteen per cent for clothing,
five per cent for fuel and only one per cent for
amusements and pleasures. The family of
the second class is supposed to have an
income of from four hundred and fifty to
six hundred dollars. Of that fifty-five per
cent goes for living, eighteen per cent for
clothing, twelve per cent for rent and only
one and one-half per cent for recreation. The
family of the third class is supposed to have
an income of seven hundred and fifty
to twelve hundred dollars. Of this fifty
per cent is assigned for cost of living,
eighteen per cent for clothing, twelve per
cent for rent and only three and one-half per
cent for amusements. In these tables the statis-
tician assigns no place to savings; but yet it
appears that in Saxony the number of indigent
persons diminished twenty per cent in the
decade from 1855 to 1864.

The condition of the laboring classes in
Belgium, where there is great agricultural
wealth and flourishing industry, is rather
below the mark, if it is not even wretched.
Various causes explain that phenomenon—first,
the density of the population; second, the
improvidence of the working classes, and
third, the low standard of popular education.
That is why, in that industrious country,
nearly nine hundred thousand persons, or one-
fifth of the population, are recipients of public
charity. In the rural districts day laborers
earn from thirty to forty-five cents a day, and
women from sixteen to twenty cents. In
manufactories common workmen are paid
from thirty to fifty cents, superior hands sixty
cents and women from twenty to fifty cents.
In the coal mines wages vary from sixteen to
forty cents a day for women and from eighteen
to seventy cents for men. Mechanics, such
as carpenters, masons, &c., earn from sixty
to eighty cents. Those who earn from
one to two dollars a day are the exception. A
comparison between the wages of London and
Antwerp has been made, from which it ap-
pears that where a mason earns fifty cents
a day in Antwerp he earns one dollar and forty-
five cents in London, and the cost of living is
about equal in both cities. Consequently the
artisan classes in Belgium enjoy but little of
the comforts of the same classes in England,
and still less of those which their fellow
laborers in the United States enjoy.

The condition of the workmen of this
country stands out, in this parliamentary re-
port, in striking contrast to that of the work-
men in all the other countries embraced in
its pages. It is unnecessary to repeat here
the statistics of wages, cost of living, &c.,
given by the British consuls in their reports.
One thing that comes in for severe criticism is
the tendency of the federal and State legisla-
tion to curtail political favor with the working
classes by such measures as eight hour laws.
Another subject of criticism is the pretension
on the part of trade unions to dictate to their
employers in regard to apprentices, thus
making trades the most exclusive and despotic
of monopolies. The tendency of all these
movements, we fear, is to give the alarm to
capital and to cause its gradual withdrawal
from industrial enterprises. If the rich
manufacturer or mine owner finds that he is
to be thwarted and interfered with in the
management of his own business by trade
unions, or that the return for his investment
is to be diminished or imperilled by strikes
and eight hour laws, he is very apt to with-
draw his capital from such enterprises and
invest it in government bonds or bank stock.
There is great danger, therefore, of our work-
ing classes, under their present impulses, re-
peating the folly of killing the goose that lays
the golden eggs.

Fisk's Love Letters.

The earth will scarcely have settled over
the grave of the assassinated Fisk before the
long and troubled story of the besetting sin
which tortured his life and brought about his
death will be read by the public. The love
letters to Josephine Mansfield which we pub-
lish in this number of the HERALD are those
against the publication of which Fisk fought
in the courts as long as he had life.
Read now, they will be pondered
over as a painful pen picture
of the man, taken by himself. In what they
add to or take away from the opinion already
formed of the unfortunate being snatched so
suddenly from the life at times so bitter or
so sweet to him will much depend on the
point of view from which we read them. They
can make him no worse in the eyes of those
who gauge the enormity of guilt by the severe,
immutable standard of the Decalogue; but it
will be discovered that, if he invoked the
vengeance of Heaven by his sinning, there was
a symptom of strong affection in it, the
shamefulness and social risk of which he
knew, which, however, will find some pal-
liation among the morbid sentimentalists of
the modern school. These sad and silly let-
ters of a man hard and sharp in business,
multifarious in designs and not over scrup-
ulous or faithful in anything of civil life, ask a
curious question in themselves—namely, to
what corner of the brain has modern
civilization relegated the region of romance?
Last year Laura D. Fair shot down
Judge Crittenden beside his wife and
children in San Francisco. In the
trial which followed, long, fervid letters were
read, wherein that old man of the world
poured forth an avalanche of endearment on
the unclean woman who slew him in the end.
The parallel between the two cases is not so
far astray. It was not the woman herself
who killed Fisk, but the rival—who shall not
say, goaded by the woman? We can look
back over centuries and find that love letters,
the outpourings of two understanding souls,
have been famous since the art of writing was
invented. Away in the twelfth century,
through medieval dust and darkness, the
names of Abelard and Heloise stand out from
the semi-gloom around them. Abelard, the
wondrous logician, the powerful instructor,
the deeply learned, whose theses and
declarations of faith thundered up
to the very gates of all-powerful
Rome, whose pupils were numbered by
thousands, and the light of whose genius out-
shone all others of the time, is better remem-
bered to-day through the pages of his love
letters than the ponderous Latin tomes of his
logic. Men busy in the world, plotting, not
the ruling of stocks and shareholders, but the
empire of the earth, with its people for their
slaves, have turned in the midst of all
their struggles, violence and intrigue
to talk "sweet nothings" with women,
those women, too, not their wives. It is
eighteen hundred years and more since the
sensual, cruel, ambitious Marc Antony first
saw the gorgeous galley of the Egyptian
Queen floating on the waters of the Cydnus
and became her slave. How he flung
away his wife Octavia and with the insensate
idolatry of a love-lorn fool surrendered to Cleo-
patra his very soul! We can see him in all
his Parthian was turning to her through the
blood and fight to pour his wild admiration in
the ears of his serpent of Old Nile. We can
picture him at Actium, sending his last words
before the fight to her, and we can see the
false-hearted creature, with a treachery which
even vice abhors, play traitor to him in
the end. Fisk was a vulgar Marc Antony;
yet the same sensual madness which
first led him from the path of conjugal
fidelity hurled him in insane infatuation at the
feet of the bad, and, what is ever worse,
traitorous woman, who led him on only to cast
him off for another. The end of Antony was
tragic. He died by his own hand. The end
of Fisk was tragic, too; the end was the
same, but it was a rival who killed him.
Nearer to our own day this *coccythos*
scribendi has exhibited itself in the fall of
another great adventurer—the ex-Emperor
of the French. It need only be named to be
remembered that when the Man of Sedan laid
down his ornamental sword, and when
Rochefort and his *sans culottes* burst into the
Tuilleries, how they found among his papers
stowed away in secret drawers the notes and
endorsements that told the tale of his liaison
with the famous Marguerite Bellanger.

Those who look over these letters of the
murdered Prince of Erie will find nothing in
them of the pure love immortalized in the
sonnets of Petrarch to his Laura or the ideal
tenderness of Dante to his Beatrice. It is
Catullus as a stock jobber, Swinburne as an
opéra bouffe director. From the fatal day
when the meretricious beauty of Miss
Mansfield burst upon him we have
a whole year with a string of
silly letters, neither polished in style, perfect
in grammar nor brilliant in wit. We come to
February, 1870, where it seems that a frost
of jealousy is nipping the garish flower of his
passion. He appeals to her "out of memory
of the great love I have borne for you." He
speaks bitterly of his own faults—
"I have many, God knows; too many"—
and his business habits hold his hands lest
he should let the woman know too much of
his passion, lest he should write too long an
"advertisement" of his weakness. And he
glides into an attempt at poetical feeling about
Arabs, woodbine, heaven and the River
Jordan, which we would fain smile at, if there
were not so much blood upon the
page. The intimacy cools, but not
the hopeless passion against which he
struggles. We find him tapping the
telegraph to see what plots the woman is
weaving against him. Ah! she is leaving
him at last, it would seem; the shadow of the
future assassin has fallen between them, and
in August we find him cynically hoping she
will find she has "made no mistake." Then
the woman comes in with her accusing story,
with a butcher's smile of "striking home and
turning the knife round." Fisk has complained
of this to Stokes that he (Stokes) had cut
his heart in two. The fall of the year marks
the vintage of passion turned to vinegar in
his soul, and we are surprised to hear him
upbraiding in earnest galledness of spirit, and
questioning thus:—"But what think you of a
woman who would veil my eyes by a gentle
kiss, and afterward, night and day, for weeks,
months and years, by deceit and fraud, to

lead one through the dark valley of trouble,
when she could have made my pathway
one of roses?" Then follow such expressions—
which he felt, no doubt, and yet was sorry in
the writing—as "devil incarnate," and we can
pity the wretch—for such he has now become—
"laying at her feet a soul, a heart, a fortune
and a reputation which had cost, by night and
day, twenty-five years of struggle." This
is the one "black spot" upon a record which
he vainly speaks of as "brighter than
ever seen on earth." Remorse is creeping in,
"his memory is indecent." Mingling with our
pity and loathing we trace something of grim,
unconscious prophecy in the incoherent end-
ing—"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Amen!"
It is the same misery over an ignoble object
which awakened such strains as these in the
poet Mangan—

The idol I adored is broken,
And I must weep his overthrow;
The lips that last night were spoken,
And all that now remains is woe.

On perdy in friend or foe!
In husband, lover, brother, wife;
Thou art the blackest drop of woe
That bubbles in the cup of life.

We follow on to see the man return help-
lessly to his vomit, and become maudlin over
the horrid thing "when your better character
comes in contact with mine." The *opéra bouffe*
manager breaks in like burlesque, and he
tries to prove himself nothing but
wheels and pulleys—"surely the world is
machinery; am I keeping up with it?"
In spite of all he buries his anger in a
shallow show of generosity. At last the storm
breaks. The assassin of the future would
stab him through the very heart of his tender-
ness in the courts. He would drag all these
pitiful things out while the man lived that he
might blast one once his friend, and they
are surrendered only for money. How
Fisk shuddered, bad as he was, when this was
threatened, we can see in his moving the
whole arcana of the law to arrest the hand of
the profligate woman who would blazon
her and his shame abroad. We will
notice in the early balcony days of
their wooing such glimpses of political
workings betrayed as peep through an an-
nouncement that Tweed is going to dine with
them, and we think of the solitary mourner at
the funeral. We need not go further. The
rest is written in blood, and with the doom of
the law hanging over the prisoner at the
Tombs we arrest our comment.

But we can say that these inner pictures
of a life remarkable for dramatic changes,
startling and showy, if not picturesque, in-
cident and tragedy in the end will be con-
nected with absorbing interest by those who have
watched the career of the actors.

Mr. Bergh and the Pigeon Shooters—The
Monomaniac Foiled.

Notwithstanding all the threats of what he
could and would do to prevent the pigeon
shooting match at Jerome Park coming off,
Mr. Bergh has utterly failed to make them
good. He received fair notice that the match
would be shot, and it was. True it is that
his deputies were on hand, but they were
powerless to enter upon private grounds.
This they well understood, and they wisely
refrained from exerting force when they knew
that force would be used to repel any attempt
to make an entrance. They requested admis-
sion, but this was denied them, and they left,
feeling that their errand had been
as fruitless as it was supremely ridicu-
lous. Mr. Bergh may have learned by
this time that, no matter how much the public
may approve of the principles upon which the
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
mals is founded, it will not countenance the
invasion of private property in order to carry
them out. If he is not yet aware of this fact
it is about time that he was made so. He
has received his first lesson, which may be
sufficient; if it is not he has only to attempt
again to carry out his plans in order to have
them as completely frustrated as they were on
Friday last. He claims a power superior to
that of the Emperor of Russia or Queen of
England. He seeks to trample upon the
sacred rights of the people. He endeavors to
exert an authority that is inadmissible, and,
by striving to do too much, is rapidly destroy-
ing all the good done by the society that is un-
fortunate enough to have him for its President.

If all of Mr. Bergh's claims were allowed,
if all he demands were conceded, where would
the end be? At what point would he stop?
He and his agents have already in many
cases overstepped the bounds of prudence
and of politeness; they have even gone so
far as to insult not only men, but ladies.
They have stopped upon the slightest pre-
text—indeed, upon no pretext whatever—
private carriages; in fact, their insolence has
been carried beyond endurance, and the time
has come when it must be ended. If allowed
to proceed further he will endeavor to invade
the privacy of one's dwelling, should he by
any possibility hear that a dog or a cat was
being maltreated therein. Every door will
have to fly open at his bidding, and no
place will be secure from the visits of him-
self or his satellites. This thing cannot be.
In no country but this would he have been
permitted to go as far as he has, and even
here the people are beginning to tire of it, and
are really questioning his entire sanity. They
consider him a monomaniac, and although
desiring to deal charitably with his weakness,
they will demand that a check be put upon it.
He is fast making a society that should be
most useful comparatively valueless, and if he
is allowed to go on in his Don Quixote style
he will entirely destroy it. For the sake of
preserving it, for the sake of having animals
humanely treated, for the sake of carrying
out all the good purposes for which the
society was organized, let us have another
head to it. Let us have a President who will
not bring it into ridicule, who is not half
crazy upon the subject of pigeon shooting
and other so-called cruelty; let power be
taken entirely out of his hands, and placed in
those of one who will use it with discretion.

Why would it not be best to place the duty
of preventing cruelty to animals entirely in
the hands of the police, and hold that body
responsible? It certainly seems the most
proper plan. If this system were once in-
augurated the chances are that the wishes and
purposes of the society would best be carried
out. At all events, it would prevent troubles
and annoyances that are fast becoming seri-
ous—that are rapidly assuming the proportions
of a public nuisance. The probabilities are
that Mr. Bergh has reached the end of his
thread; that he has seen how absurd the

whole of his late conduct has been; that,
if his senses have not entirely left
him, he will in future keep within
the bounds of prudence and not go plunging
blindly after every case that he in his half
madness considers cruelty to animals. The
experience he has lately had may be the means
of checking him in his headlong course, and
restore him to his normal condition. If it does
we may congratulate the society that at
present acknowledges him as its President, for
then he will be able to serve its interests
properly. We may congratulate the public
also, for then it will be free from his annoy-
ances and absurdities, and, indeed, we may
congratulate the animals too, for they will be
better looked after by an entirely sane man
than by a President who is doing his best to
injure their cause. We anxiously wait to see
what is to be the result, and to learn if Mr.
Bergh has determined that discretion is the
better part of valor.

Review of the Religious Press—The
Opinions of the Latest Grand Senation.

Our prominent religious contemporaries this
week make the Stokes-Fisk tragedy the text
for solemn homilies on the sinfulness of the
world and the temptations that are likely to
beset the path of the greedy seeker after
worldly riches. It is a notable fact that but little
sympathy is expressed for the deceased
millionaire, while his moral, religious and
financial careers are dwelt upon with a
vividness that could scarcely be expected
from any other source than the
columns of prejudiced sectarian papers.
The fact that Fisk was never cele-
brated for his donations to religious subjects
of charity, no matter how bountiful he may
have been in the general run of benevolence
and charitable deeds, may in some measure
account for this severity of the religious press
upon the character of the deceased. But it
may not be exactly fair to ascribe these
attacks to uncharitable motives; but in con-
ceding the soundness of the proverb that
"Charity covers a multitude of sins," we think
the religious papers might have been a little
more lenient with the memory of one who was
recently familiarly known among us as "Jim
Fisk."

The Presbyterian *Evangelist* has this to say
about Fisk:—

He was a bold, bad man, whose very success made
him most dangerous to those around him, and espe-
cially to young men who were not of his stamp,
and often caused them to be misled. He was
led away by his evil example. And what shocked
the community perhaps even more than his unscrup-
ulousness in getting money was the way in which he
haunted it. He was a man of low education,
he had a coarse, barbaric taste for vulgar
display. But worse than this tawdry show was
the grossness of his habits, which he would not
pains to conceal. Not content with showing off
his ill-gotten wealth, he flaunted his vices in the face
of the community with an unbecoming and sub-
limed indifference. It is a remarkable instance of
retribution that he came to his end from the rival-
ries and jealousies of his dissolute companions.

The *Independent*, in a leading editorial
article headed "A Fit End," says:—

The man who was assassinated last Saturday
afternoon has often enough been called a harrigan,
and often enough has been called a scoundrel,
and he was a great deal more. He was one of the
ablest as well as one of the drollest and one of
the worst men in the country. He was a man
of good enough, as the world goes, except in two
somewhat important particulars; he was a robber
and he was a libertine. He had plenty of
physical and moral courage, and was generous
and kind. He was a drunkard. He was no
hypocrite. He has been called a buffoon; but the
worldly wisdom and shrewdness which he com-
bined with his physical and moral courage, and
guile and tales has been highly valued by gam-
blers and divines. Abraham Lincoln was
often charged with buffoonery, and he remember
by history that he was the most brilliant
punter in the country is a University chancellor.

After thus making a trio of Abraham Lin-
coln, Dr. Bethune and James Fisk, Jr., the
Independent continues:—

Every man's first thought on hearing of his as-
sination was, What a pity he should have died as
he has! How often has it been said, Jim Fisk never
will die rich! Divine Providence must make
an example of him, and he has done so. He
might be tripped up at last by the law, have his
wealth stripped from him, and thus suffer the
penalty of his crimes. But he has chosen his
own way, and it is as well that his licentiousness
should bring his punishment as his dishonesty. The public
needs this lesson quite as much as the other.
Property will be more respected, and honesty
is a very tangible crime and can be more easily
punished. But the public virtue is comparatively
unfettered, and it is a harder task to correct
and the hardest to correct. In these days, when on
the public stage a shameless woman dares to
preach the virtues that she has the right to change
her partner every day, if she pleases, we are
sorry to see the doctrine thus reddened with blood.

This is slashing with a two-edged sword,
but it is the character of the *Independent*